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Lattimore

The sun lays down patterns on a Kashgar street.

Lattimore

A Kashgar mosque where the faithful turn for rest and prayer.

The market place is important for the exchange of wares and gossip in Kashgar.

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Travellers come into Yarkand at a fast trot.

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Lattimore

But life moves more slowly in the city itself.

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however, he could not consider unless a companion were forthcoming who would stay with Mr. Hunter during his absence. A volunteer was found in Mr. Ridley, of Sining, in Kansu, who had, we knew, recently arrived in Urumchi to take over Mr. Mather's work, and thus release him for furlough; and this being so, we had mutually agreed to travel together from Urumchi to Europe. We had never yet met him, but five miles from the city both gentlemen appeared on horseback to greet us, Mr. Mather welcoming us as the first fellow-countrywomen he had seen for twelve years!

We soon came in sight of the city, which was well wooded, and arrived at the Outer Gate, where soldiers, as usual, demanded our passports. 'Have you met any lamas by the way?' they enquired. 'We have been expecting some for several days, and you must have seen them on the road.' No one ever gives any information when officially questioned, so we simply changed the subject, knowing, notwithstanding, that they must be referring to the party of Tibetans who left Hsinghsinghsia with us, and whom we had passed and repassed all the way. As we moved on, information was imparted to our servants that the guard were under orders to seize the whole party of priests, and conduct them to the prison, as they were accused of being undesirable characters; and two days later, to prison they went.

The streets of Urumchi impressed us as being irregular, narrow, lacking in architectural beauty, crowded and dirty. We had lost sight of Mr. Hunter several hours previously, but as we drew up to the Mission House, there he stood in the doorway to receive us. The white home-spun cotton had vanished and he now wore his best black suit, and a black soft felt hat, while the clumsy traveller's boots were replaced by well-polished

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Russia which provides it with manufactured goods, and its own most noted product is sulphur.

The streets of Urumchi present a mass of low, formless, utilitarian buildings, covering a large area. The Governor's Yamen, which occupies a large enclosure, contains spacious courtyards dominated by a high tower, from which the surrounding country can be surveyed. Second in importance to the Government buildings is the new Post Office, constructed with a view to dealing with large quantities of mail material.

The postal system is excellently controlled, and for many years the position of Postal Commissioner has been held by a Westerner, who, at the time of our visit, was an Italian. Thanks to energetic organisation, the enforcement of a time limit on the couriers, and the careful division of the road into well-regulated stages, Urumchi is brought within forty-five days of Peking—a truly marvellous accomplishment. The direct postal communication with Europe via Chuguchak, Semipalatinsk, and Omsk was suspended during the war, but is now once more available, by which means letters can reach London in twenty-eight days. There is a wireless installation in daily communication with Kashgar, but this is under the strict supervision of the Governor. The Russo-Asiatic Bank formerly had a branch office here, and a few Western firms have opened agencies through which they now carry on business.

The stream of *emigrés* who left Russia at the time of the Revolution, have had an important bearing on the development of Urumchi, which has resulted in the formation of a Russian quarter. Here the impoverished refugee, the Nogai, and the Sart live side by side, and of recent years the Soviet Government has appointed a Consul General to guard their interests. Permission to erect a statue of Lenin in the Consular grounds has been

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sleeping accommodation to be had, we contented ourselves with our cart. Some time before dawn the yard was astir. Every carter threw a measure of grain into his animal's trough, watered the beasts, then called to the landlord to settle the account, which transaction was always accompanied by squabbling and cursing, but not until the required amount was handed over did the big double doors open, and allow the carts to pass out. We, too, were up early, and for breakfast had the unaccustomed luxury of a bowl of warm milk which an old Chantow ladled out from a brass pot, in which it was kept hot over a brazier.

We were now entering the district known as 'Fly Land,' a name which speaks for itself, and from this time until we reached the higher and more arid land near Chuguchak, our meals were made revolting by these loathsome pests, which also made rest or sleep by day impossible. Knowing this, we had brought lengths of mosquito netting with which all our food was covered and in which we wrapped our provisions, but still the table was a black, moving mass of winged horrors. Soon after midday we were at Hutupi—a thirty-mile stage—which we accomplished with great ease. The range of the Tian Shan, culminating in the glistening Bogdo, made a most striking background, and the land around the villages was very fertile, producing good crops of millet, wheat and sorgum. At the Moslem inn where we stayed, all the best rooms were occupied by the family of the innkeeper himself, but we always had access to the harem, and through the womens' court a little back door took us straight out into fields near running water, where we enjoyed space and some coolness. The lane at the back of the house was also the connecting link with the back-door of every house on the north side of the village, and

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as soon as we appeared women and girls emerged on every side and sat down with us, forming a gay picture with their brightly coloured dresses and white veils thrown up against the green cornfields behind.

The Moslem women are intelligent, but are only viewed as providing temporary gratification to their husbands, who take them into favour or thrust them aside at pleasure, even divorcing them or bringing fresh wives to the home on the slightest provocation. The concentrated contempt and hatred of a lifet[illegible] were stamped on the face of one discarded woman, who, at the mention of her husband, drew herself up, and said: 'Men! they are not men, they are beasts!' The tragedy of the Moslem woman's life makes the opportunity for the Christian woman missionary to present the Gospel of spiritual liberation which she preaches.

Our daily meals consisted of tea and bread in the grey dawn before starting, but on the longest stages we now always found a halfway house where we could sometimes buy hard-boiled eggs; the real meal of the day, however, was made when our march was completed, and into our own little iron pot we put a piece of meat and some vegetables, which we boiled together, ladled out the soup, and divided the meat, Nimga being always ready to finish what remained! The following day we had a long stage of fifty miles, but our driver kept his beasts well fed, and they took the road in fine style, accomplishing the journey in nine and a half hours. The town of Manas which we reached that evening, though a busy market-centre, gives the traveller no idea of the size of the agricultural district which surrounds it. Here is the richest and best watered farming country to be found within range of Urumchi on the north. Its population is almost wholly occupied in farming, and wheat, rice, maize,